I only knew what hunted thought
Quickened his step,
and why
He looked upon the
garish day
With such a wistful eye;
The man had killed the thing
he loved,
And so he had to die.

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be
heard,
Some do it with a
bitter look,
Some with a flattering
word,
The coward does it with
a kiss.
The brave man with a sword!

Some kill their love when they are
young,
And some when they are old;
Some strangle with the hands
of Lust,
Some with the hands of
Gold;
The kindest use a knife,
because
The dead so soon grow cold.

Some love too little, some too long,
Some sell, and others buy;
Some do the deed with
many tears,
And some without a sigh:
For each man kills the thing
he loves,
Yet each man does not die.

He does not die a death of shame
On a day of dark
disgrace,
Nor have a noose about
his neck,
Nor a cloth upon his face,
Nor drop feet foremost through
the floor
Into an empty space.

He does not sit with silent men
Who watch him night and day;
Who watch him when he tries to
weep,,
And when he tries to pray;
Who watch him. lest himself should
rob
The prison of its prey.

He does not wake at dawn to see
Dread figures throng his room,